

DEAN SWIFT'S
MAY WALLUP,
A QUALITY MESS.

Take what is left of a quite scalding New, to make a Mess of French Ragoo.
Just after you've din'd, take a dish that is large,
And into it what you have eaten discharge;
Then get all the rest that are at the table,
To spew in the same as long as they're able;
Let them strain very hard, till it all is brought up,
For the more spew there is, the better the soup.
Break the lumps undigested, and thick clotted stuff,
Strain all through a handkerchief snotted with snuff;
Add a pint and a half of tough yellow phlegm,
From a cough that is rotten, haulk'd up with a---hem;
Then a pint of strong liquor from very sore legs,
Beat up in a dish with a few rotten eggs;
Stew these in a bed-pan, just warm from the bum,
And stir it about with your finger and thumb.
Then to this decoction, add spices that follow---
Some cloves newly taken from teeth that are hollow,
Some scabs from a scald head, some sweat from the toes,
Some quids from the mouth, and some plugs from the nose;
But first the scabs moisten, the quids, and the plugs,
With the juice of sore eyes, and the liquor of bugs;
Season all with an onion pull'd from a sore ear,
Corruption and all, if it be not too clear;
Then add cabbage-leaves taken off from a blister,
With a large liquid stool, procur'd by a glister;
Then put in the pipe that is just taken out,
If b---sh---t 'tis the better, and stir it about:
And instead of lemons and oranges Seville,
Squeeze in a child's t---d, that has got the King's evil.
But if you would have it exceedingly nice,
Add of ear-wax an ounce, from the head threescore lice;
And still an improvement is made to the dish,
If you add thereunto a few bits of proud flesh.
But a few old peas, newly squeez'd from old issues,
By all is agreed, makes it vastly delicious:
Or if you would have it thinner than this,
Dilute it to your taste with a little cat's p---ss.

Examined and approved by me,

A-Misco-Monsieur-Magister.